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Chapter 1 by Celsius Fate

The world is no longer what it once was.

The Jedi are no more.

Now everything is ruled by the Galactic Empire with an iron grip.

They think they have won.

What they don't know is that one still lives.

One Jedi survived the massacre thanks to the sacrifice of those at the Jedi Temple.

Now she hides among the people, waiting for her chance to avenge those who allowed her to live that fateful day.

She will lead the people in a rebellion and over throw Darth Sidious and Darth Vader.

She will restore balance and order back to the world

The names is Ahsoka Tano

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A cruiser carrying passengers warped out of a wormhole after finishing its hyperspace jump. The planet of Coruscant came into view through the windows as a hooded figure stood near one, silently observing the outside, noting how there were blockades at every entrance. No ship can get in and out of a planet easily unless they were given special passes that granted them access in and out of spaceports.

A white droid rolled up and bumped the figure in the leg, beeping at its master several times.

"Almost there R2," the figure whispered quietly.

R2-D2 beeped again and rolled away to head over to where the other droids were lining up to disembark once they reached the spaceport.

In order to conceal its presence from the Storm Troopers at every spaceport, Ashura decided it would be best to paint the little guy completely white since its original blue and white body was too recognizable to others. Her tactic payed off since the Storm Troopers don't bother checking the droid over too carefully, only making sure it was a normal companion droid before letting it go. R2 also carried her lightsaber in a secret compartment that only she knew about, and was undetectable, which gave her an advantage.

"We've arrived at Coruscant, thank for your patronage and we hope to serve you again."

The captain's voice came over the speakers as various passengers got up from their seats and stretched their limbs out, filling the area with chatters of excitement. Ashura headed for the exit first and smiled at the droid that was stationed at the door.

A long ramp led down towards the entrance of the spaceport where two Storm Troopers were waiting to check every passenger, for their identities and body searches for weapons. Ashura readied her fake identification card, expertly forged by her deceased friend from the Jedi Temple prior to the massacre. She was known as Sorano Ahkat from the planet of Shili, a traveling artist who made a living selling paintings on the streets.

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"Looks like you're clear Sorano Ahkat," the trooper handed her card back.

"Thank you," the Togruta slipped it back into her pouch.

They waved her through the checkpoint.

The Togruta made her way idly through the streets of Coruscant, trying not to draw too much attention to herself in her discreet path towards the restricted Jedi Temple. Today was the anniversary of the massacre, and the least Ashura wanted to do was sneak in and pay tribute to the ones who had sacrificed themselves so she could live. Master Kenobi, Master Yoda, Master Secura, Master Ti, everyone who was there that day.

She never forgot their faces.

Even now she keeps holocrons of everyone from the Temple inside R2.

The streets were busy this particular night as Ashura weaved in and out of the crowd gathering at various vendors selling goods. Some haggled her when she wandered a little too close for her liking, with the Togruta vehemently insisting she didn't need any of their merchandise—with a little help from the Force—and hurried away before they could annoy her even more.

Tightening her cloak around her shoulders, Ashura slipped into an alley and bent down to talk to R2.

"R2, see if you can find a inn nearby and wait for me there alright? I'll meet up with you as soon as I finish what I need to do here," Ahsoka said.

R2 beeped and whistled several times.

"I know buddy but this is something I have to do," the Togruta reached into the secret compartment and extracted her lightsaber.

"Be safe," she said as R2 rolled away.

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Slipping past the guards to the restricted Jedi Temple, the Togruta moved quickly, her heart racing with anticipation.

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leave the Jedi Temple standing as a warning to those who would dare oppose their strength. The once hallowed halls have now been long deserted and cold, traces of laughter, warmth, and love all but gone within its icy walls. Ashura still remembered the way in as she shifted her way inside, escaping the detection of troopers that were stationed just mere feet from where she was.

Her feet recalled the steps she formerly took back when she was a Padawan under Anakin Skywalker, and automatically she headed for the room that once belonged to her. It seemed the Empire didn't bother cleaning out what was inside, since everything was still in place when she opened the door to her room. There was the bed in one corner, her desk in the center, and the wardrobe that used to contain all her clothing to the far left.

Everything was so nostalgic.

Gently running her index finger across the surface of the table, Ashura pulled it away to see dirt sticking to her skin. Of course not that she was expecting it to be clean or anything since it was abandoned, but a part of the Togruta wished she was still living here, continuing her journey of becoming a full-fledged Jedi Master. Something on the little draw by her bed caught her attention as she walked over to it. It was a picture of her, her master Anakin, and Master Kenobi, taken three days before the massacre. That was also the day she lost contact with her master, and there were no reports of his body being found with the others. If that meant that he somehow survived like she did, Ashura wanted to find him more than ever.

She froze when she sensed someone coming towards the direction of her room through the Force. Hurriedly replacing the picture back on the draw, Ashura hid in the shadows and waited silently as the door slid open and a shadow walked in. Carefully peering around the corner, her eyes picked out the shape of what appeared to be a human male, carrying a box of cleaning supplies?

Deciding to wait quietly for him to finish cleaning and leave, the Togruta stood there in the shadows, using the Force to prevent the human from coming near her location. She watched as

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"Don't touch that please!" the child shouting from the shadows.

The poor guy jumped in shock and dropped the photo, which would have cracked if she hadn't caught it in time with her foot.

"W-Who are you? How did you get in here?" he demanded.

Instead of answering his question Ashura walked around the room. "Are you the one who cleans every day?" she murmured quietly.

"Yes. I'm the only one who keeps this place clean, since the others don't want to come near."

"What's your name?" the Togruta inquired.

"Storm. Storm Bontera."

"Thank you for this Lux."

Lux relaxed now that he could tell this mysterious person wasn't going to kill him. "May I ask who you are?" he said.

"Sorano Ahkat," Ashura lied, using her alias.

"Want to tell me why you're here? Or how you even got in here in the first place? The Jedi Temple is off limits to outsiders except those who have passes," Lux continued, putting the cloth back into his box of supplies.

Reaching out through the Force the Togruta instead wiped the memory of their meeting from Lux's mind, then slipped out the door before he could see her once again.

That was a close one.

Ashura exhaled deeply when she was finally outside the Temple.

If she lingered any longer troopers might have discovered her presence.

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She had to keep herself hidden until the morning after.

"Did you find a inn for us R2?" Ashura spoke into the communicator as she made her way towards the center of Coruscant.

R2 beeped and whistled back in response.

"Great. I'll be there soon," she said and then hung up.

"Halt! Who goes there? This is a private area!"

The Togruta froze as four Storm Troopers surrounded her from all sides.

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